

UPON THE
D E A T H

O F

Captain WILLIAM BEDLOE

S Ad Fate! our valiant Captain BEDLOE,
In Earths cold Bed lies with his head-low;
Who to his last made out the PLOT,
And Swearing dy'd upon the spot.
Sure Death was *Popishly* affected,
She had our Witness else protected;
Or *down-right Papist*; or the Jade
A *Papist is in Masquerade*.

The Valiant BEDLOE, Learned OATES,
From Popish Knives sav'd all our Throats;
By such a Sword, and such a Gown,
Soon would the Beast have tumbl'd down.
They conquer like the *Hebrew King*,
And Oaths at *Rome's Golia* sling;
And never take God's Name in vain;
As many Oaths, so many slain.
The stoutest of the *Roman Band*
Could not their thund'ring Volleys stand;
But all those Missioners of Hell
By dint of AFFIDAVIT fell.

Great things our Heroe brought to light;
Yet greater still kept out of sight:
And, for his King and Countreys sake,
Still *New Discoveries* could make:
In proper season to relieve,
He still kept something in his sleeve.
He was become, for *England's* goed,
An endless Mine, a wastless Flood;
Till *Prodigal*, yet never Poor;
No spending could exhaust his Store.

But Death, (alas!) that *Popish Fiend*,
To all our hopes has put an end;
Has stopt the Course, and dry'd the Spring
Which new *Plot-tidings* would bring.

This *Witness* (did the Fates so please)
Had sworn us into Happiness;
Made the Court Chast, Religion Pure,
And wrought an *Universal Cure*;
Sworn *Westminster* into good Order;
Reform'd *Chief-Justice* and *Recorder*;
The Land from *Romish Locusts* purg'd,
And from *Whitehal* the Chits had scourg'd;
Had judg'd the great *Succession-Case*,
And sworn the Crown to the right place.

ENGLAND! the mighty loss bemoan;
Thy watchful Centinel is gone!
Now may the *Pilgrims* land from *Spain*,
And (*Undiscover'd*) cross the Main:
Now may the *Forty thousand Men*
In *Popish Arms* be rais'd agen:
Black-Bills may flie about our ears:
(Who shall secure us from our *Fears*?)
Jesuits may fall to their old Sport
Of burning, slaying Town and Court,
And we be ne'r the wiser for't.

Then pity us; exert thy Pow'r,
To save us in this dangerous hour:
Thou hast to death sworn many men,
Ah! swear thy self to life again.

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